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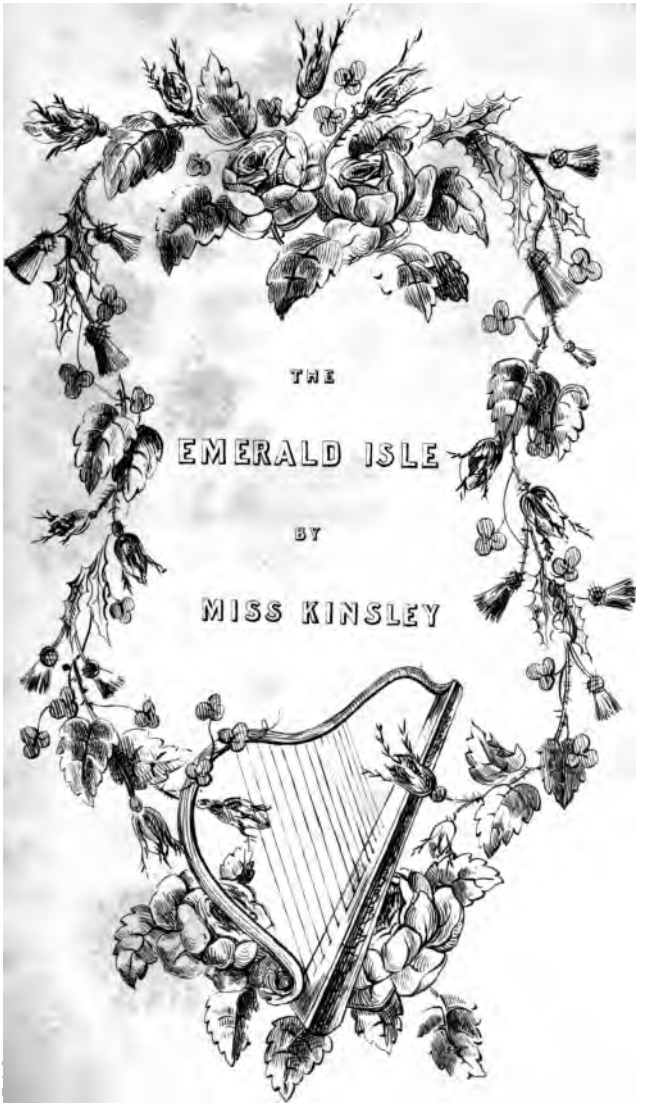
THE
EMERALD ISLE
BY
MISS KINSLEY

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

THE

EMERALD ISLE.

A Poem.

BY MISS KINSLEY.

SECOND EDITION.

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS RESPECTFULLY

ADDRESSED TO THE PUBLIC.

It is with some trepidation that I present my little book to an enlightened people; for I fear that my brief and irregular touches at historical delineations will fall very short of doing justice to a subject that might well engage the ablest pens and greatest talents in her Majesty's dominions.

The design of this little work is to convey, in a simple form, an outline of Irish history from the earliest period, and to continue it periodically; but when I look at the master minds around me, I am ready to shrink from the task I have imposed upon myself.

If, however, the effusions of my humble pen should convey to some of my readers a little interesting information, without giving them the trouble of wading through heavy volumes of history, I will deem myself happy in having contributed to their pleasure and amusement, by strewing, as I may say, my wild flowers in the pathways to science.

With regard to the title, I can only say that I adopted it from its suitableness to the subject-matter. I was reminded, however, that I might be trespassing on forbidden ground. I do not think so, and I hope it will not be thought so; for I would not willingly trespass upon the rights of another. At all events, the merits or demerits of my little poem can never lessen the value or take from the beauties of that written by Mr. CHARLES PHILLIPS.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

"England, I love thee, thou fair in thy bloom,

. . . . .

There is not a nation the nations among—
Oh! let me except the dear theme of my song—
Not an isle that is greeted by mariner's prow,
That sheds half so much light on my visions as thou;
And while glory, and wisdom, and empire may be
A magnet to young minds, thou art dear unto me."

EDWARD MACKEY.

INTRODUCTION.

Celestial muse! take up the lyre,
Attune the harp, the lute inspire;
Oh! touch the thrilling chords that swell
Ierna's* lyre; for I would dwell
On those sweet tones, and there impart
The theme that fills my swelling heart.

---

* Ireland.

Great is the task my mind portrays—
To scan the book of ancient days,
And draw the hidden page to light
That long has lain obscur'd in night;
But trembling o'er my first essay,
The chord recoils, and dies away.
Wake, then, those sweet, impressive sounds
With which the Land of Song abounds.
My heart inclines with fond delight
To Fancy, in her wayward flight;
But Fancy plays a truant's part:
A wanderer at will and heart,
No boundary may bid her stand,
For on she marches through the land,
Unsteady in her search for lore.
Old stories of the days of yore
Are mixed and mingled in her dreams
With æriel sights and lofty themes;
With battles, and with heroes bold;
With courtly scenes, in days of old.
  Oft from the cool castallian shade
She leads the muses to my aid,
Or seeks them in the classic light
*Of fam*ed Parnassus' dazzling height,

Rev'ling amid the lovely flowers
That twine its aromatic bowers.

Where will not playful Fancy stray
When once upon her truant way?
In rural scenes she seeks delight;
O'er mountains oft she wings her flight;
Now pausing in her wild career
To sip at brook and streamlet clear;
Now chanting in the moon-lit dale
Some legend scene or fairy tale;
Or tracing gay parterres around,
And strewing flowers along the ground;
Or bringing distant friends more near,
And haply binding friendship dear;
Now looking for the jocund May,
Old Erin's ancient holiday,
As erst she rose—her bright locks bound
With rosy chaplets all around;
With votive off'rings at her feet,
And harp entwined with garlands sweet.

Fancy, thou votaress of play,
Come seek with me the flowers of May—

The fairest buds of early spring,
Just fresh from zephyr's dewy wing,
The woodbine true and asphodel,
The violet and heather-bell,
The lily of the valley sweet,
And weave them in a garland meet.
  And if thou canst, in sportive glee,
With all thy wiles and witchery,
Procure a spell and fairy light—
The one to aid our mystic flight,
The next to bind the sunny hours
For ever round these blooming flowers:
A happy thought! Then come away,
And cull with me the flowers of May!
Good genius, or whate'er thou art,
Say if the Muses can impart
Such gift, or raise that wand of old,
Which turned whate'er it touched to gold
And if thou canst procure me such:
I'll soon direct its magic touch,
Not to unfold a golden gain—
No, no! It shall ignite a train
Bright as the sunny beams which play
O'er India's lovely land by day,

And dazzling as those eastern gems
That glow on Persia's diadems,
When lit by morning's orient lights,
As blushing, over Himla's heights
She comes, all beautiful and gay,
The rosy harbinger of day.

With bright elixir blended well,
And this fair wand, oh! who can tell
How soon, the warm congenial parts
May glow among relenting hearts
And chilly souls, who stand aloof
When struggling friends need better proof.
It might prolong our friendships here,
For, ah! too soon they disappear.
In gloom and dearth, how hearts are changed!—
How those dear friendships are estranged
That we had fondly thought our own!

. . . . .

When those we love turn cold away,
We grow more timid than the ray
Which faintly for a moment throws
Its feeble light o'er winter's snows.

But could we breathe among these flowers
The peace, the bliss of Eden's bowers,
How happy should I then enrol
This golden band around the whole!
How happy, could I thus enchain
The noble virtues in my train!

E'en now, through eve's pellucid dew,
My glowing wreath shines out anew:
The jasper, as with magic power,
Reflects its lights on every flower;
While amethystine tints still throw
The topaz into deeper glow,—
Like seraph wing's, in evening's sun,
Touching the gilded horizon
With tints of gold, but all so bright
Above that sun's departing light.
The brilliance of a lovely even
Makes one always think of heaven!

Were I endow'd with magic powers,
I'd draw this wreath of blooming flowers

Harris & Son Liverpool

O'er hills, and dells, and fragrant fields,
To every point the compass yields.
In circling sweep I'd take the land;
From John o' Groat's the mystic band
Should range, till Edd'stone lights appear
Within my link's enchanted sphere.
Oh! could I thus th' enchantress play,
Green Erin! thou shouldst own my sway;
The friendly band so late entwined,
In thy warm heart should be enshrined;
For linked in bonds of harmony
The sister isles should ever be.
And thus my heart's fond wish I twine
'Midst amaranth and eglantine.

Though these fair gifts may soon decay,
And all their beauty pass away,
Yet still their virtues will impart
A grateful odour to the heart;
And sympathising hearts will feel
In every flower a soft appeal;
In every blooming bud they'll trace
The fragrance of a happy grace.

But come, thou proud historic maid! *
I hail thy lore and classic aid;
From far Olympus' height descend;
Let glowing verse my mind extend
To Fancy's flights, subservient still,
My thoughts, my theme, are at her will.
Do thou correct them, gentle muse;
Impress those thoughts with nobler views;
My yet untutored pen engage
With scenes from history's fair page;
Till lofty themes, in verse refined,
Take full possession of my mind.
With thee to journey at my side,
My retrospective tour to guide—
To be instructed, as I soar,
By thy research and studied lore,
I would resume my humble lyre,
And, grateful, speak my fond desire:
Green Erin, mistress of my lay,
And truth, companion of my way.

---

* Clio, the muse of history.

With Erin each sweet tone should dwell;
With Erin's name, the chords should swell,
Land of my birth, my theme, my song!
Each silver chord should still prolong
Thy name, and fill each sounding wire
That bounds along my tuneful lyre,
Till heart, and lyre, and theme expand
With love to thee, my native land!

Often, in happy, ardent youth,
Radiant with joy, and love, and truth,
Thy own bright sun-burst* shed forth beams
Which hope reflected in my dreams.
I felt thy story as inspired,
When thou, all gloriously attired
Stepped forth to greet the nations round;
Benevolence and plenty crowned
Thy open brow; from thy right hand—
I've seen the sciences expand,
Till thou wert blest, from shore to shore,
For deeds of grace and classic lore.

---

* An ancient banner of Ireland.

Religion, thy fair handmaid, traced
A halo, that so oft has graced
Thy happy days ;—a blessed light,
Which cheered thee through the mourning night
That gathered o'er thee in thy woes—
A night which added to thy throes
The pang of blighted hopes—the reign
Of treachery and cold disdain !

But see ! the clouds are passing by ;
Thy altars shall be seen on high :
The heart's warm breathings, hopes that rise
In blissful yearnings to the skies ;
Unshaken faith, heaven's gift of love,
And piety, that dwells above !

Thy temperate sons, by God's command,
No longer trammelled, or unmanned,
Disdain the tempting bowl. And see !
How bright—how all-transcendantly
Thou'rt rising ! There's a light that shines
From thy pure fanes, and sacred shrines—

A lambent flame, surpassing bright!
Oh! who could e'er mistake that light?
Th' outpouring hearts of millions there
That kneel in supplicating prayer,
With fervent hope, and holy zeal,
For Erin's peace—for Erin's weal!

THE EMERALD ISLE.

"Wert thou all that I wished thee, . . .
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow;
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?"

MOORE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

Where now the glorious orb of day
  Marks out his evening course along,
My swelling soul would fondly stray,
  To hail with him the Land of Song;
To see his parting beams recline
On that fair land—on tower and shrine;
More brilliant in his transit there
Than all his splendid noon elsewhere.*

---

* I borrowed the idea in the above couplet from Moore.—See "The Fire Worshippers":—

"Religion's softened glories shine
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere."

His beams of light, like hope's sweet smile,
All radiant on our Emerald Isle,
Impart their golden splendours o'er
The lovely fields, from shore to shore;
And, as 'twere, in love's links each ray
Entwines round inlet, creek, and bay,
With playful dalliance, still to lave
And kiss again the western wave;
Dipping its silver pinions here,
Then dancing on the green sward near—
All shining, sparkling, tipped with gold.
Oh, yes! 'tis lovely to behold
Green Erin thus, in light's own vest,
Adorning all the sunny west.
And Fancy fondly seeks to trace
Some fond remembrance of each place—
Some bright green spot, some glen or height
Reflected in that soft, pure light.

Many a pleasant scene appears;
Many a link of former years
Enraptured memory glances o'er,
As thus her eager eyes explore

Each well-known walk, and aged tower,
Each blooming field and pleasant bower,
Till fond imaginings expand
O'er all that's lovely in the land.

Thus wandering on from maze to maze,
My thoughts revert to ancient days,
When Niul,* erst in Egypt sung,
A great high-priest, from Phœnias sprung—
The sire of heroes, brave and bold,
Who graced our land in days of old;
From whom her boast, three thousand years,
Her nomenclature, now appears.
Scotia, from Scota, is she named—
Daughter of Pharaoh; yet more famed
As mother of Milesius' race;
For so this ancient line we trace;
And from Milesius' warlike son,
Heber, Hibernia takes its tone.

---

* Niul was high-priest to Pharaoh, A.M. 1931, and son-in-law by his marriage with Scota. His posterity, the sons of Milesius, invaded Ireland, A.M. 2736. Niul was the son of Phœnias, a Scythian king, who fixed his residence on that part of the Syrian *coast called Phœnicia.*—See Miss Young's Abridgment of Ireland.

This hero's numerous offspring gave
A race of kings, as true and brave
As e'er held sceptre in the land;
And well they bore their high command.
Then Erin's name, is plainly seen
In Iere,* the Daanaan's lovely queen.

Thus Fancy journeys slowly on
In search of old Milesian sites,
These ancient towers, the strongholds gone,
The circling range, the mystic rites,
The Druid priests, and temples there,
The strange, mysterious marble stone,
Brought hence from early Greece, to share
The honours of old Scotia's throne.
Leagh-Fail† of the Scythian race,
I viewed it in its resting-place—

* The Tuatha-da-Daanaans, a colony from Greece, settled in Ireland, A.M. 2541. This is the Belgic race who had possession of Ireland previous to the invasion of Heber and Héremon, and who governed Connaught until the middle of the third century.

† Leagh-Fail, or stone of destiny, brought thither from Greece at a remote period, whereon succeeding monarchs were crowned. When Fergus the Great had subdued North Britain, (1) about the year 503, he requested his brother Murtough, the monarch of

An oracle of ancient date,
Enshrined within the chair of state;
That chair imperial Tarah* owns—
Tarah! the resting-place of thrones!

Here four provincial kings bear sway;
  Each in his province rules alone:
A fifth assumes with great display,
  Imperial Tarah's crown and throne.
Ere this, two brothers did preside,
And equally the lands divide.
One to the south held forth his reign—
The valiant Heber's vast demesne—
A warrior chief, of matchless might,
A courtier, and a gallant knight;
While in the farthest north's extent,
Sat Heremon the wise, content

Ireland, to send him this stone, for his more solemn coronation. Edward the First of England had it conveyed, with other regalia, from the abbey of Scone, in Scotland, to Westminster Abbey, where it now remains.—See Miss Young's Abridgment of Ireland.

* Tarah, a city in Meath, wherein was a beautiful palace, the principal residence of the Irish monarchs.—Miss Young's Abridgment.

With lettered fame*—that golden mine
So honoured by this royal line.
There, to his faithful friends around
Would he impart, in words profound,
The pious feelings of his breast,
Ere he retired to nightly rest.
There, in admiring wonder raised,
With heart uplifted;—while he gazed—

He thus:—"How great the power that holds
This mighty universe; the folds
Of ocean, waving to and fro;
The changeful tide's alternate flow
And ebb; the lovely land so traced
With groves, and rivulets, and graced

* Some Irish antiquaries are of opinion that after Heber and Heremon, the sons of Milesius, had defeated the early inhabitants of the country, they divided it between them: the northern part, from the Boyne, fell to the share of Heremon.—See Dr. Keating's General History of Ireland.

With fair plantations; which the sun,
Warm and refulgent, rests upon!
How glorious are his beams to see!
How dreary would our sojourn be,
Deprived through life of this great source
To guide us in our wayward course!

"I once was left amid the jars
Of warring elements. The stars
Had hid their brilliance from the night.
Oh, how I felt that blank! No light—
No gentle moon, with cheerful ray,
Was there, to guide my lonely way.
A meteor crossed me that wild night—
I trembled at the awful sight—
Ranging the angry element,
Amid the darkened firmament.
The night was girt with sable shrouds;
The thunder roll'd among the clouds;
The vivid lightning glared around,
Then ceased. I bent me to the ground.
Deep darkness o'er the scene was flung;
A dreadful stillness round me hung;

An awful calm: it might be death.
That moment had no sense of breath.
Exhausted nature prostrate lay,
As waiting there the final day.
  Lonely and cold, in that wild place,
I raised my anxious eye to trace
One star in the deserted sky,
When, lo! a something gleaming nigh
Attracted back my gaze. I turned.
It was the glow-worm's lamp that burned;
Swathed in its little case of light,
It sparkled in my path that night.
Blest light! I hailed the humble ray,
Consoler of my dreary way.
  How much more should we prize that light,
In heaven's high dome, that cheers our night;
That fills the milky way, and lines
The starry path; and that which shines
In day, all brilliant and alone—
The source of other lights unknown;
For so the holy prophet told
Our fathers in the days of old,
When Niul and Gadelas went
For counsel to the Hebrew tent,

Where Moses raised the mighty rod,
And spoke the power of nature's God—
The Great Miraculous, whose might
Worked out this world, and called the light.
  Wisdom! thou art as precious gold
By me esteemed. My sires of old
Sought for thee at the world's far bound,
And paid thee homage most profound,
Bequeathing thee a gift of grace
To guide henceforth their favoured race;
And thou shalt still, a halo bright,
Remain our literati's light,
Adorning all my fair domains;
Thence o'er these lovely hills and plains,
Like sunny rays extending far,
Be thou green Erin's guiding-star!"

Exulting in his gifted choice,
  Thus oft would Heremon impart,
With fervent and prophetic voice,
  The sentiments that filled his heart.

In old Iberia's* sons I trace
  The haughty mien and rich array
Which mark'd the proud Milesian race,
  That ruled the land with sovereign sway;
For here the high-born prince maintained
That knighthood well by which he reigned—
Proved by his deeds and actions brave
The counsels which his fathers gave
Him; gave he to his sons the same,
(Young aspirants for future fame.)
  One of those hero sons of yore,
Distinguished for his gifted lore,
By right of birth assumed the crown
Descended from his fathers down
Direct. But higher still the part
Which proved young Olham's† manly heart,

* The posterity of Niul, previous to their taking possession of Ireland, made a settlement in North Spain. Collam was called, by way of eminence, Mile Espaine, or the hero of Spain: hence Milesians. Few or none of the Milesians ever followed any trade or manual labour, lest they should degrade their origin, until the time of the great Tuathal, who set trades and professions on a respectable footing.—Miss Young's Abridgment.

† Olham Fodlah, or the learned doctor, was one of the most extraordinary men of the times in which he lived. He was the twentieth prince of the Milesian race that enjoyed the sovereignty of Ireland, celebrated as a philosophical statesman. He instituted

And led him on to acts of grace.
In him the people's friend we trace;
That wisdom which expands the mind
Still made him eloquent and kind;
He well knew how to win men's hearts
By kindly and persuasive arts.
Virtue and knowledge spread apace;
The land was blest; a happy race

---

a senatorial assembly, resembling our parliaments, composed of the Druids and other men of learned professions, and of the deputies of the people, and was invested with both legislative and judicial functions on all affairs relating to the general interests of the state, and such private concerns as minor tribunals could not settle. This parliament, celebrated as the Fes Team-brack, for centuries met triennially at Tarah, which was the royal residence, and where palaces were erected for the provincial kings, and also accommodations for others, whose duties demanded their attendance on these occasions. Many excellent laws were passed during his reign. He was the founder of those great seminaries where not only Irishmen, but foreigners, received gratuitous instruction in all the arts and sciences then known in Europe, and which subsequently contributed to redeem Europe from the barbarism which succeeded the downfall of the Roman empire. This prince originated the plan of distinguishing the different families of nobility and chief officers by armorial bearings, and established it in Ireland, though it was not generally adopted throughout Europe until the time of the Crusades. He received the idea from the dead serpent and the rod of Moses, which was the standard of his own family from the period of their sojourn in Egypt, and which always stimulated their followers to deeds of *heroism.—Lover's* Illustrations of Ireland.

Sprung up around him. Everywhere
His love was seen—his active care
For Erin's youthful progeny;
While rank, and station, and degree,
Exalted by his test of truth,
Still emulated Erin's youth.
The arts and sciences attain'd
A fame unrivall'd while he reign'd.
And thus the sapient land became
A classic rest; while Scotia's name
Was honoured by the nations round.
  The generous intent was crowned,
For plenty flowed profuse to all,
And cheered each hospitable hall.
With rich armorial bearings dight,
His grand assemblies meet the sight,
Triennially by him ordained,
For national affairs maintained
At Tarah, where with constant zeal,
He nobly planned the people's weal,
And triumphed in his country's cause
By wise decrees and wholesome laws;
Wielding the sceptre of the isle
In dignified and regal style.

Celts, Goths, and Belgian heroes crowd
  To Erin's hospitable shore,
And Carthagenian princes proud,
  To glean Hibernia's classic lore.
Who op'ning forth her treasured hoards
  To eager youth's inquiring zest,
She spreads abroad her thousand boards
  To cheer the youthful stranger guest.

Oft, while I go my trackless rounds,
  Enrapt, I view the varied scenes:
A charming landscape here abounds
  With glassy lake and pasture greens;
Here, groves by gentle breezes fanned,
  And there, stupendous heights sublime
Pour down their torrents on the land
  In wild cascades, whose ruder clime
Comes softened from its granite throne,
In mild and fructifying tone,
To fields, and lovely valleys, where
A sunbright splendour reigns; and there
Nature supplies her bounteous store,
  The luscious fruits of summer skies,

Profusely. There her oak trees soar,
(The woodman's boast, the seaman's prize,)
With foliage of the richest gear;
For lovely spring attends the year,
And rural cottages abound,
And blooming gardens all around,
With flowers—oh! what enchanting flowers!
What fragrant odours meet the breeze!
How soon—too soon—the happy hours
Flit from such glowing scenes as these!

There oft some ivied hall appears,
And haply, too, a palace rears
Its classic sculpture on the scene,
While ancient round towers intervene.
Again th' historic page appears,
And circling time unfolds his years
Of new successions, and the chain
Of great events turns round again;
But as the dented lines unrol
I view the long and gloomy scroll,
Marked with the dark details of strife,
Vengeance, and war, and loss of life;

Ambitious chiefs, with bold display,
Contest the crown, in mortal fray.
Why is it thus? The brightest gem
  That e'er adorned the princely head,
Hibernia's graceful diadem,
  Is made a foe-mark and a dread.
Yet so it is. The sunniest path,
  The fairest lands beneath the sky,
Are changed by man's embittered wrath
  To scenes of heart-wrung agony.
But mark high heaven's supreme command!
  A brilliant sun illumes the day—
Great Chonaire * reigns; and o'er the land
  Its halcyon glow is seen to play;
Precursor of the purer flame
Faith holds before a Saviour's name.
The teeming earth assumes new grace;
A blessing o'er the land we trace;
The blooming soil puts on a smile
Which gladdens thee, my Emerald Isle;

---

* Chonaire was monarch of Ireland at the birth of our Saviour. It has been remarked by her oldest historians, that Ireland never *had such halcyon* days.—Miss Young's Abridgment.

Thy comely sons were ne'er so bland;
A sunny calm pervades the land,
And makes the spring shed forth her flowers
About green Erin's happy bowers;
The waving corn plays with the breeze,
And song-birds wake the silent trees.

Gay summer now assumes her sphere,
Enthroned where winter led the year;
The teeming earth disdains the snow,
Which melts beneath a fervid glow;
Hoar frost and drizzling rain give way
Before the warm refulgent day.
It is, oh, God! a great behest;
All nature bends to give the test:
Redeeming love has blest the morn—
The Saviour of the world is born!

"I listened if music and song should arise,
And the gale brought a chorus of wailing and sighs."

EDWARD MACKEY.

CANTO THE SECOND.

My route is changed. The darkened sky
  Low'rs in my path; turn where I may,
The threatening tempest gathers nigh,
  And clouds on clouds obscure the day.
Far to the north my course I trace,
Where the dark Causeway * spreads her base,
To wage rude war with ocean's storm
In amphitheatre-like form;
Her columns brave the foaming tide,
Till ocean claims the victor's side,

---

* The Giant's Causeway, one of the natural curiosities of Ireland, is situated in the County Antrim. Lough Neagh is one of the largest lakes in Ireland, and among the first in Europe. There is a tradition concerning this lake: the following beautiful lines from one of Moore's Melodies bear reference to it:—

"On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
  When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
  In the waves beneath him shining."

And throws his fetters o'er the steep—
Invader of the briny deep;
The midway bulwark disappears,
Lost in that deep for countless years.
Yet still proud Antrim's coast retains
The Giant Causeway's vast remains;
And oft the traveller turns his gaze
Upon that wild scene with amaze.

Here Lough Neagh spreads her bosom forth,
  Impetuous to meet the gale;
Winds fierce, and rivers of the north,
  She woos within her ample pale.
Our legendary stories say,
  That she assumed in early years,
O'er her dark shores a with'ring sway,
  Where reckless havoc still appears.
A lurking mischief may be seen
  Beneath the water's calmer tide;
Tower, dome, and many-columned screen,
  Lie ruined there, and scattered wide;
Waves dash along, and wild winds moan;
The willow tends her shores alone.

Not far from this, Emania* reared
  Her princely pile—a royal stand,
Which, next to Tarah, was declared
  The noblest structure in the land.
But where, among these vast domains,
Stoodst thou, the pride of Ulid's plains?
When Kimbaoth† raised thy towering walls
  In classic grandeur on the scene,
He held thee first of regal halls—
  The chosen palace of his queen;
Within thy green retreats so fair,
Religion claimed a fostering care,
And blessed thy shades in hallowed prayer.
  The liberal arts to thee we trace,
So loved by the Heremonian race;

* The royal palace of Emania, situated near the present city of Ardmagh, was erected by Kimbaoth† for his queen, Macha. He came to the throne about five centuries before the Christian era. This celebrated palace remained a royal residence for nearly eight centuries. The magnificence of the building, and order of its domestic economy, are extolled by all our ancient historians as models of splendour and judicious arrangement. Fergus, the last king of Emania, was cut off in battle by Muiradoc, the monarch, who, for the sake of enriching his nephews, instigated a war with Ulster. The beautiful palace was burned; the hostages were by stipulation shackled with gold. The remnant of the Red-branch Knights, a military order of Ulster, was destroyed at this period.—*Lover's Illustrations*—O'Halloran.

With thee soft music early spoke
In measured tones, and first awoke
Those choral bands, so early trained
By masters who had well attained
That harmony of thrilling sounds
With which old Erin's lyre abounds.
In strength and beauty, thou didst brave
  Time's changes, with his frosts and fears,
And proudly did the 'scutcheon wave
  Above thy towers, unscathed by years.
Pre-eminent in virtue's ways,
Thou mightest yet have graced our days,
Had not the ruthless tyrant War,
With Rapine, clinging to his car,
Approached, and in an evil hour
Vile Hate, relentless in her power,
With dark Revenge, strode through thy halls,
And hurled destruction at thy walls.

Even now, methinks, 'mid Ulster's tears,
The fatal brand—the dirk appears;
The smoking pile lies scattered round;
Thy falling ruins cleave the ground;

Thy Fergus bleeds upon the plain,
Scarce known among the heaps of slain;
While hostages around him throng,
To fill the weight of Ulster's wrong;
Thy valiant Red-branch Knights lie low.
My bosom bleeds at Ulster's woe!
The tyrant's cold decree is read—
A heartless mockery of the brave:
E'en while his wounded victims bled,
His golden shackles marked the slave.
And thou, oh, monarch of the land!
Art unoffending Ulster's foe;
Thy counsel dark—thy sword and brand
Have left the land in utter woe.

Awake, ye spirits of the brave!
Come forth, and from each silent grave
Bring back the virtues to the land;
Take up the tyrant's dastard brand,
And send him grov'ling to that fate
His murd'rous arm marked out in hate,
For those his victims whom he hurled,
Cold and relentless, from the world!

Oh! thou who couldest crowns resign
In virtue's name, and at her shrine
Devote thyself in holy cause,
Upholding honour's purest laws:
Just Moran!* would that dust return
Which rests within thy hallowed urn,
And that pure spirit which has thrown
Such virtues round Temora's throne,
Emit its own bright rays again,
No tyrant would presume to reign.

Turn we to where the willow grove,
With drooping boughs, too sadly prove
The cold, unsympathising wave
Of that deep lake in which they lave.

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* The Attachotic, or plebeian war, took place during the first century of the Christian era, and Carbre, a Damnonion prince, usurped the monarchy, and reigned five years. On his death, his son Moran was elected; but he, with unexampled heroism and constancy, refused the crown, and with animated eloquence persuaded his followers to restore it to the royal line of Milesius. Fearaidach was, therefore, called, and the rebellious Belgae swore allegiance by the sun, moon, and stars, the usual oath in those days. Moran was appointed his chief priest. He was deservedly styled the Just Judge, for his valuable assistance to the king in the management of public affairs, and was revered by all ranks.

Yet still those pensive boughs unfold
  Their beauteous leaves to every spray,
As though each weeping willow told
  The heedless wave its woe each day;
While, with tumultuous interchange,
The noisy, hissing waters range
Against the pebbly beach around
Which forms that lake's eternal bound;
The angry wave will vent its spleen
  In vain along th' unconscious shore,
The drooping willow mourn unseen;
  For loved Emania is no more.

Away, my muse! nor longer stay
  Among these desolated plains;
We'll wake anew our wonted lay
  Where Leinster spreads her fair domains,
And on where Slaney's banks attest
  The site of many a castle rest.

Near to this spot my fathers dwelt,
  But where, alas! I may not trace,

So long have feuds and discord dealt,
  And deeds unholy helped apace
  To chill the homes of Leinster's race.

No proud regalia can I see,
No trace of ancient heraldry,
Where once Hy-Kincelah's* fair halls
Upreared their high embattled walls;
Where Cathoir's offspring proudly reigned,
And Erin's rightful laws maintained.
  The soothing voice—the welcome ray
That would beguile the wanderer's way,
Is nowhere found, to calm his breast,
And lead him to the needful rest.
  No hospitable board appears,
Alas! nor aught of former years:
The lonely hut on Corrig's height
Stands o'er the castle's ample site.

---

* Cathoir-More, monarch of Ireland, was slain by Con of the Hundred Battles, after a reign of three years. His offspring, the Hy-Kincelah, gave a long race of kings to the throne of Leinster. The adjunct Hy to the surname denotes a royal descent.

And yet I feel a kindred power
That holds me near my natal bower.
Yes, though on Fancy's wings I roam,
I'll seek thee out, my native home.
  Home of my fathers! thou art seen,
In memory's storehouse, fresh and green;
But where are all the pictured hours
Entwined with Fancy's fav'rite flowers?—
The home-scene, and the festive gear,
And childhood's merry voice to cheer?
For does it not recal those hours
Of sunshine, 'mid the wild sweet flowers,
  When king-cups grew for us alone,
And when the wild bee's luscious hoard
Of sweets could crown our festive board?
  Oh, yes! the heart will fondly own,
And chasten'd mem'ry oft recite
Those scenes of innocent delight,
E'en though the cold world's chilling blast
Comes with'ring o'er the happy past.
  Dear, happy hours! yet, ah, how brief
The years of childhood! Early grief—
A fest'ring blight in youth's first years—
A troubled care, and galling tears,

That, rankling with a harsh alloy,
Too oft consumes the young heart's joy.

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. . . .
. . . .
. . . .

And is it thus the scene I view?—
The home I sought so eagerly?
Ah! faithless mem'ry is untrue:
She marks no home—no home for me.
Where may I wing my timid flight?
The Laighain plaint is on the wind—
The clash of armour and the fight,
And scaring sounds that shock the mind.
The land is everywhere oppressed:
My soul is sad—'tis full of grief!
Erin, thy sorrows fill my breast,
Nor can my spirit find relief.
Why—why are Leinster's fertile plains
Disturb'd with strife and dinn'd with chains?
Would that the full historic page
Could blot each deep-recorded date
Of direful war that man did wage,
With vengeful steel, in deadly hate!

Son of Fealim, skilled in laws—
  Son of the mighty Tuathal!
Arouse thee in thy country's cause;
  Nor let domestic feuds enthral
The sons of Erin. Save the land
  So loved, so cherished by thy sires!
Con* of the Battles, stay thy hand,
  And quench those wild, disastrous fires.
Thy valour and thy might are known:
  Then why not honour's course embrace,
Resign thy seat on Tarah's throne,
  And cease contentions with thy race?
A noble warrior is slain—
  Proud Leinster's chief. Thy hero Gall
Is victor of the bloody plain.
  Leath-Mogha mourns o'er Cumhal's† fall.

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* Con, surnamed of the Hundred Battles, from the continual wars in which he was engaged, came to the throne, A.D. 177. He was the son of Fealim, the Law-giver, who was the son of Tuathal, the Acceptable—both excellent monarchs.—O'Halloran.

† Cumhal was chief of the Leinster troops, and defended the children of Cathoir-More from the incursions of Con. At this time Ireland was divided between Con and Eugene-More, king of Munster; hence Leath-Cuin and Leath-Mogha—Con's half and Mogha's half; for Eugene-More was also called Mogha.—O'Halloran.(2)

Nobly that gallant spirit fled—
  True to his trust and Cathoir-More.
Weep, orphans, weep! Your Cumhal's dead!
  There! there!—look at his heart's warm gore!

When will this direful war conclude?
  My breaking heart! my aching eyes!
'Tis jealous might, and battle rude.
  Hark! the shrill war-shriek rends the skies.
A thousand bards, in flowing white,
  Strike loud the lyre in martial strain,
And rouse the valiant to the fight,
  Or mourn the hapless hero slain.

Again the twang of tortured strings
  Bespeak th' infuriated wrath:
They shout, "It is the war of kings!
  On, on to victory or scath!"
Ah, what terrific sounds are those!
  What mad'ning frenzy fills the lyre!

I see, I see approaching foes—
  I see the dreaded beacon-fire!

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. . . .
. . . .
. . . .

Behold Magh-Lena's groaning field,
  Oh, reckless king!* Thy fight is o'er!
There—rest upon thy blood-stained shield,
  And look thy last on Eugene-More,†
Thou sittest in thy state alone,
  But, mark! thy days are numbered now!
Thy son, young Art,‡ shall fill thy throne:
  Thy coronet shall grace his brow!

Ah! what is this, with gloomy lower,
That comes to chill my pensive hour?

A vision, wrapt in shades of night,
  With the traces of death so wan,

* Con of the Hundred Battles.
† See note (2), page 38. ‡ Arthur.

Stands full before my aching sight;
  A withered ghost, of ages gone!
Ossian,* a bard of Tarah's hall,
  So famed of old for battle lays—
The minstrel son of brave Fingal,
  A warrior of other days.
His dim robe loosely flows behind,
  As he moves with a broken pace;
And, hark! that wild song on the wind—
  How it dwells on a bygone race!

SONG.

Come on! ye brave gaunt forms that stand
  All so grim, in your martial bearing;
Ye are the men that filled the land
  With proud deeds of valour and daring.

Ye are the chiefs, of shining spears,
  Aroused from your pillows of death;
Ye move through the mist of other years,
  From the tombs over Lena's heath.

* Ossian flourished about this time. He was a hero of the second century, and son of Fingal, chief of the Irish militia.

Stars of the land!—the battles might!
  How ye gather in murky crowds,
And ye look around for Fingal's light,
  As ye stalk in your cold, damp shrouds!

But where is he, the scourge of all,
  In the midst of his valiant deeds?
Warrior chiefs! attend Fingal,
  On your high-mettled crested steeds!

Not so! not so! my hero knight!
  There's a dismal and dreary cave
Beneath Temora's lofty height,
  Where he sleeps in his lonely grave.

Ye look in vain for Fingal's place,
  Or the light o'er the hero shed:
That light is quenched, and Fingal's race
  Are of the long-forgotten dead.

But who art thou, on winds that roll—
  Thou ghost of the deep black shroud?
Who art thou, with the gloomy scroll,
  On yonder dark, ill-boding cloud?

Ah! now I see thy wounded side!
  Th' eagle plume of thy might is spread;
And thou, young chief! green Erin's pride—
  Green Erin's fair-hair'd king, art dead!

Alas, old Ossian! where's the fire
That used to grace thy tuneful lyre?
Sad is thy song: no garland bays
  May twine around those mournful lays.

"Rise up, ye past ages!—rise up to my view!
Visions of Tarah, I call upon you!
Perished and sunk though in darkness ye lie,
Bring back the glories of old to mine eye.
Oh! bright in your gladness, I see you come on,
Like the waves as they roll in the beams of the sun.
Heroes and sages swarm fast on my sight,
Patriots of high hearts, and monarchs of might—
The generous in peace, and the valiant in fight.
The sons of the harp are abroad to mine eye,
Sweeping the strings as they hurry them by."

EDWARD MACKEY.

CANTO THE THIRD.

I hold the books of ancient date,
  For my heart is in Erin's lore;
I see her kings in regal state,
  As they sat in the days of yore;
I turn the leaves with eager hand,
  As their pomp and their might appear,
And heroes that adorn'd the land
  Are again in their bright career.
But now the crowded page protrudes
  A scene of woe, revenge, and hate,

Till each eventful reign concludes,
  Rife with the nation's threatened fate.
Away, my muse! nor longer dwell
  On those scenes, full of strife and fears:
We'll turn where calmer times may tell
  The glories of departed years.

There was a time when Erin's pride
  Was centred in her palace halls,
Whose lofty portals opened wide,
  And kings have sat within their walls;
And courtly chiefs have met the while
To counsel for our Emerald Isle.
There was a time when Ierna's sons
  Held royal games,* chivalric play—
A gathering in from all the dons,†
  In military proud array,

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* The Tailtain games were held annually, and were similar to the Olympic games. Here matrimonial contracts were frequently entered into. Tailtain was situated in Meath. These games continued till the dissolution of the monarchy, 1175.

† Dons, military stations. Many of these can yet be traced throughout the kingdom.—O'Halloran.

With banners streaming, music playing—
A gala-day of great displaying;
Battalions form in grand parade,
To meet the royal cavalcade
That now comes forth in courtly trains.
See how th' embattled gateway strains
With effort, as the concourse lines
And each distinctive band combines.
Annexed to these, a motley train
Join in the sports on Tailtain plain;
Then women shrink with groundless fear
At sound of dreaded battle near,
When stripling with the skilful knight,
In playful contest, mimics fight.
  Mark how the youth essays to wield
The dirk, and lift the cumbrous shield.
Too few his years to use the spear,
His arm recoils:—there is a tear;
But shame and pride alternate rush:
'Tis vanished in his burning blush.

  Some seek the animating chase,
Or watch the coursers in the race;

Some take the sword, in mock affray,
For varying sports fill up the day.
Apart, I see a stirring group
  Advance, and pitch the ball on high;
Quick back they give the bounding swoop—
  Again the skilful hurlers fly!
Approving plaudits greet the ear,
Fair hands are weaving garlands near,
Till victory at length proclaims
The prowess of the Tailtain games.
Encircled in his laurel crown,
  Now each proud victor moves along,
With trophies of his fair renown;
  Yet hears he but the maiden's song.
He hastens to the fav'rite bower,
Where love sits umpire. Happy hour!
His victory is now complete:
His crown lies at the maiden's feet!

In olden time, on Tarah's height,
  Ierna's kings in counsel sate,
And there, on many a starry night,
  The sparkling goblets gaily met.

Alas, how changed! The witching scene
  No longer meets the starry hour;
All desolate is Tarah's green;
  Her night sets in with gloomy lower;
And restless sprites are seen to glide
Along the bleak hill's delving side.
Ah, list! What thrilling notes are these?
  How musical—how sweet the tone!
Like some lone harp upon the breeze,
  The wild Æolian sweeps along.
'Twas not of old, thus sadly dight,
  The minstrel gave his harp to song:
The dulcet notes, all tuned aright,
  On halcyon moments danced along.
Hark! that mournful tone again!
  Whence is it?—for I'm lonely here.
Can yonder roofless hut maintain
  Aught on its cheerless hearth? I fear
That some poor minstrel, worn with grief—
  Alas! methought I heard a sigh—
Perhaps not one to tend relief:
  I'll hasten, lest the sufferer die.

But here comes one,* of ancient date;
His flowing robe, and golden lyre,
His snow-white head, and stately gait,
Bespeak a son of tuneful I're.†

. . . .

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. . . .

Shades, they say, still haunt the scene,
. . . And I have read
The manes of those for ages dead,

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* The difference between Niall, the king of Ireland, and Eochaidh, the son of Eana, king of Leinster, arose from the ambition of the young prince, which incited him to take up his residence at Tarah, where he abode for nine days and nights, in despite of the king. This was censured by a druid of principal note, who informed him that he had violated the ancient and solemn customs of Tarah, which enjoined that no person should presume to keep his court in that royal palace before he was admitted into the order of knighthood. This had the effect, and Eochaidh withdrew from Tarah, and relinquished his pretensions to the crown of Ireland. When on his way to his own province, he came to the house of Laidhgin, a bard, the son of a principal druid, who was in great favour with the king of Ireland. The bard imprudently threw out some contemptuous expressions against Eochaidh, which so incensed him, that he fell upon him, and killed him on the spot.—Keating's History of Ireland. The stigma of the foul head was affixed to his name and that of his posterity, it being considered a crime of the blackest dye to take the life of a bard or druid.—See O'Halloran.

‡ Ireland.

By some eventful period led,
Will on the fatal scene appear,
Still roused by grief, and mourn the fate
That keeps them in a tombless state.
Yon labourer may haply know
Whence those deep thrilling numbers flow.

•

Old man, say, canst thou tell
Ought of those sounds that catch the ear?

"Stranger! I know too well
That wild—that fearful swell!
It is the dead harp sounding near;
And he who bade the tone
Has wandered many a dreary year
On Moitha's plains alone.
A weary ghost, on earth he sighs,
Nor has a resting grave:
His withered form unburied lies
Beneath Boyne's sluggish wave.
They say he was a youth of pride
*And reck*less courage, who defied

The mighty Niall, and rebelled
Against his monarch's power, impelled
By wild ambition madly on
To claim Temora's royal throne.
Contending passions filled his breast,
Ere yet in knighthood's honoured vest
He proved that birth-right which imparts
A dignity to high-born hearts.
But soon, by adverse fortune tossed,
By insults met, and sorely crossed,
Rage and disdain unmanned his soul;
His upraised arm brooked no control.
A minstrel fell before his ire;
And thou hast heard the mournful strains
That issue from the dead man's lyre,
Which that proud youth, while time remains,
Is doomed, each summer's eve, to bear,
In plaintive murmurs, through the air.
Alas, for human pride! His race
Must ever feel the deep disgrace—
Must feel the brand upon their name
Of his foul deed, and ill-bought fame!
Anon, those wild and mournful strains
Come when the summer solstice reigns;

Full oft before the glorious sun
Sinks in the distant horizon,
That pathos checks our youngsters' play;
For aye! it is a fearful lay.
  But wilder when the moon is young:
The dismal notes, as 'twere, are flung
Upon the wind; or when on high,
Amid the clear, unclouded sky,
The stars of heaven throw their light
Upon the gloomy scenes of night."

Fear, frigid fear—a name unblest—
Grew quick within my beating breast:
Weary, I sank, and sad in thought,
Until unconscious slumber wrought
A sweet forgetfulness. . .
. . . The scene,
No longer haunted, opes serene,
And timid Fancy primes her wing,
Refreshed, near Boyna's limpid spring;
While summer's all-refulgent flowers
Entwine green Erin's sunny bowers.

The studious muse with joy perceives,
As she bends o'er the book of reigns,
That Cormac's* exploits fill the leaves,
With his court and his gallant trains.
Oh! 'tis a rare and dazzling sight
To gaze on the imperial pile—

* The great Cormac, of the royal line of Heremon, came to the throne, A.D. 213. He was the son of Art, surnamed the Melancholy, who was the son of Con of the Hundred Battles, son of Fealim the Law-giver, son of Tuathal the Acceptable, son of Fiachadh-Fionsliudh, son of Fearaidach-Fionfachtnach, son of Criomthan-Niadhnar, son of Lughaidh-Riabhdearg, son of Chonaire, who was monarch of Ireland at the birth of our Saviour.—Dr. Keating.

Cormac enlarged the palace of Tarah, and decorated Moidh-Courta, where the king and estates met, and where foreign ambassadors were received and entertained. On public festivals his sideboard was adorned with one hundred and fifty cups of massy gold and silver. One hundred and fifty knights constantly attended his person, and ten hundred and fifty soldiers mounted guard every day at the five approaches of the palace, to point out to the public, with greater dignity, where the monarch resided. Beside his state bed, there were one hundred and fifty beds in the apartments of the palace, only to lodge such as were in immediate attendance. A public table was constantly kept up for fifteen hundred persons. The arrangement of the assembly-hall at Tarah was princely and judicious. The monarch's throne was placed in the centre of four provincial thrones, facing the east. Cormac was contemporary with Constantine the Great. Having lost an eye, he vacated the throne, and retired to an humble cottage, where he wrote that admirable treatise called "Advice to Kings," for the benefit of his son Carbre, who succeeded him in the throne. He embraced the Christian faith about seven years before his death.—O'Halloran.

Halls, towers, and court, on Tarah's height,
The magnets of our Emerald Isle;
This lofty court—this hall of state,
Where Scotia's* kings so oft have sate;
Where now, to Erin's high renown,
Her learned olhams† fill that hall,

---

* Niall of the Nine Hostages, A.D. 380, was the first who had the Caledonians acknowledged as a colony, independent of the Picts, and conferred upon North Britain the title of Scotia Minor. Ireland was the only country known by the name of Scotia until then: from that period until the imperial crown descended to the monarchs of Britain, she was styled Scotia Major. The Dalriada, or Irish Scots, first settled in Argyle.—See note (1), page 15.

† Olhams were learned doctors. It is here worthy of remark that the great respect paid to the learned professions in Ireland by the Milesians originated with their great progenitors, Phœnias and Niul. Phœnias, the king of Scythia, established seminaries for the study of letters; he, being a most learned man, made it his business to understand the several languages of the world, from the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. There was but one universal language from the time of Adam until the building of that tower, which language the ancient Irish chronicles call Gartigarran, which signifies the human tongue. But when Nimrod and his profane confederates attempted to erect that structure, Providence thought fit to interpose, and put a stop to the undertaking, by perplexing the workmen with a diversity of speech, and confounding them with strange languages, which effectually hindered their design, and prevented their finishing the building. The wisdom of God thought fit to preserve the original language in the family of Heber, from whom it was called Hebrew. This good man, being informed of the wicked attempts of Nimrod and *his accomplices, that* they proposed erecting a tower to secure

And, ranged in honour near the crown,
Their wisdom is revered by all;
Knights and ambassadors succeed,
Each in his order as decreed;

---

themselves from another deluge, which they apprehended would again overflow the world, opposed their design, and refused to assist them in their structure. Phœnesia, or, as Dr. Keating styles him, Feniusa-Farsa, the Scythian monarch, desirous to attain a knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, and to have it taught in his public schools, resolved to go in person to Magh-Seanair, which was near the place where the Hebrew was the common language of the inhabitants. This was sixty years after the building of the Tower of Babel, that he set out from Scythia, in the north, and established schools at Magh-Seanair, near the city that was called Athens, where the universal languages were taught. For this end, he despatched seventy-two persons of learning (with an additional number, in case of mortality, to supply their places) to the several parts of the known world, commanding them to stay abroad for seven years, that each of them might be perfectly acquainted with the language of the country where he chanced to reside. It is supposed that seventy-two different languages arose from the confusion of Babel. Phœnias commanded his president Gadel to digest the Irish language, and divide it into five several dialects. This king left his kingdom of Scythia to his eldest son, Nenual; to his youngest son, Niul, who was a profound scholar, he left the schools, and the privilege of travelling. This young prince had employed himself for some time with great applause in educating the Scythian youth, till the fame of his learning and accomplishments was carried into distant countries, and at length reached the ears of Pharaoh Cingris, king of Egypt, who immediately despatched messengers to Scythia, to invite Niul into Egypt. Niul accepted the invitation, and so delighted the king, that he bestowed on him his daughter Scota in marriage, with

The beatachs* next in place appear,
And are ushered with loud acclaim
From wand'ring wight and pilgrim near,

---

certain lands on the coast of the Red Sea. Niul had a son by this marriage, whom he called Gadelas, after his father's favourite professor Gadel. This name, construed from the different languages, signifies great, learned, and gentle. It was during the time that Niul and his family resided on the coast of the Red Sea, that the children of Israel, under the conduct of Moses and Aaron, attempted to free themselves from the slavery of Egypt, encamped near Niul's residence. It happened, on the same night, that the young prince Gadelas had the misfortune to be bit in the neck by a serpent; the venom immediately spread itself through his veins, and poisoned the whole mass of blood, so that the prince was at the brink of death. This accident alarmed Niul and his people, who, upon consultation, resolved to carry Gadelas to the camp of the Hebrews, and entreated the humanity of Moses, that he would pray for his recovery to that Almighty God who had displayed his power in so wonderful a manner among the Egyptians. Moses complied with their request, and addressed himself fervently to God for the safety of the young prince; and laying his rod on the wound, the youth immediately recovered. Hence the insignia, on the banners of the Gadelians and Milesians, of the dead serpent and the rod of Moses. From this we may infer that the Irish were not unacquainted with portions at least of the Jewish history, and, above all, that they had the knowledge of one supreme God. The book of Invasions computes 283 years from this period until the sons of Milesius arrived in Ireland; and the Irish chronicles agree that the posterity of Milesius first invaded the country 1008 years after the flood.—See the genealogies of the race of Niul in Dr. Keating's History of Ireland.

* Beatachs were governors of those houses of hospitality called bal-beatachs. They were much respected, and always *of high rank.* Ireland abounded in these establishments from

Who oft partook their friendly cheer,
  To the honour of Erin's name;
Then, foremost as a warlike race,
The chiefs of Erin take their place;
And next to these in order stand
  Men who rank in a private station:
The gentle blood of all the land
  Is met for the weal of the nation.

Cormac fills the imperial throne,
And sits in his lofty state alone,
With his face towards the sunny east;
  His jewels all resplendent glow,
While the Tyrian dye* of his vest
  Vies with the brilliant gems that throw

an early period until after the imperial crown descended to the monarchs of Great Britain, nor did they entirely disappear until the reign of James the First. Hospitality was an object of state policy with our ancestors, and laws and regulations were made by the national council for its conduct. Each beatach possessed a certain portion of land, well stocked with cattle; four roads pointed out his house to the stranger or the traveller, who met there with every accommodation gratis.—See Miss Young's Abridgment of Ireland.

* Ireland was in possession of the Tyrian dye at a very early period. The king was generally clad in robes of seven colours;

Their lustre on his manly breast;
  While from a canopy, entwined
  With fair devices well combined,
The sun-burst flows o'er shield and crest,
Above the throne, in graceful rest.
Four other thrones, arranged in place,
  Bespeak old Scotia's power and might:
The Leinster king's the monarch face—
  That of Munster stands on his right.
Above these thrones, in grand array,
Emblazon'd banners graceful play;
Leath-Mogha's trusty knights surround
Their sovereigns, as in duty bound.
Ulster's throne on the left has place,
  In the midst of her Red-branch Knights;
The arms of the Heremonian race
Her glowing crimson banner grace,
  As it waves o'er her trophied rights.
Connaught's throne is arranged the last,
  For so Milesian laws defined,

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the olhams, or learned doctors, were privileged to wear six, military knights five, beatachs four, commanders of battalions three, private gentlemen two, and the lower orders wore garments of one colour. These degrees may be traced to Genesis. —*See O'Halloran.*

That monarchs of the Belgic cast,
  With their suite, should have place behind.
The duties of the realm go on;
  The states attend with ear profound;
All eyes are bent on Tarah's throne;
  Princes respectful standing round.
From Moidh-Courta's many thrones
  Are wise and good decrees ordained;
Fair science there, proclaims her sons,
  And olham laws are well maintained;
All grievances are here redressed,
  While heralds, with their wands of peace,
Are speeding over east and west,
  And ere the happy tidings cease,
The welcome news they still prolong
  To Ulster's sea-girt coasts along,
Nor rest until the south appears,
And hails them on with gladd'ning cheers.

At length the convened Feis retire,
  And, all imperial duties o'er,
Minstrels are seen with tuneful lyre,
  So cherished in the days of yore;

A thousand glittering harps appear,
And music sweet delights the ear;
A thousand bards, in princely band,
Proclaim the feast of kings at hand.

Five roads lead each to a palace gate;
Triumphal arches animate
The scene; while liegemen line the way,
With streaming flags and banners gay,
As dames and knights, in costly sheen,
Approach the busy festive scene;
Those noble visitors repair
The royal banquet joys to share;
Th' imperial hall's resplendent gear
  Sends forth a blaze of dazzling light,
Reflecting on the goodly cheer
  A galaxy of radiance bright;
And kings with noble knights are bound
To pledge the golden goblets round;
And stately matrons smile on all
  The brilliant circle, as they move
With grace along th' illumin'd hall;
  And laughing maidens, formed to love,

With beauty blending every grace,
And gladness beaming in each face;
While gallant knights and warriors there
Yield up their conquests to the fair.
And yet, of all that social ring,
There's none more merry than the king;
His smile, so brimm'd with hearty joy,
Unmix'd with aught of cold alloy,
Soon enters in the hearts of all
Assembled in that courtly hall;
For well he knows the golden test—
The art of making others blest.
The harp—the tuneful harp is gay,
  While melody delights the ear;
And countless joys, as sweet as they,
  Attend the monarch's festive cheer.

These were the days of Erin's pride,
  But they're passed from her shores away,
Borne on the envious rolling tide
  From the scenes of her fond display.

"God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness. The princes of the people are gathered together, even the people of the God of Abraham: for the shields of the earth belong unto God: he is greatly exalted."

FORTY-SEVENTH PSALM.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

Tarah of Kings, and theme of song,
Where now is all thy festive throng?—
Thy martial sword, thy thrilling lyre,
Temple of Bel, and sacred fire?
No palace hall, no costly dome—
No column represents thy brave;
. . . Not even a tomb,
To tell of kings beyond the grave;
Thy minstrels, so renowned in story—
Thy hospitable tables spread—
Thy chiefs, so famed for deeds of glory—
Thy regal power—thy court:—all fled!

Gone!—gone for aye! Who now may trace,
  Amidst this wilderness around?
Where Patrick's* mission teemed with grace,
  And sanctified the very ground?
For heath and moss reclaim the place,
And hide from our degenerate race
Each cherished scene and sacred spot;
Yet Patrick's zeal is not forgot:

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* St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, was brought thither a captive from Gaul, by Niall of the Nine Hostages, and was sold as a slave. On his redemption, he returned to Gaul, and devoted himself to the church. His baptismal name was Succath. After his consecration, Pope Celestine conferred on him the Patrician order (whence Patrick), and sent him to instruct the Irish nation in the doctrines of Christianity, A.D. 432. He was remarkable for the gentleness and suavity of his manners, by which he gained the affections of the people. Christianity was introduced into Ireland at a very early period;[1] but the entire conversion of the nation is due to St. Patrick. When he explained the nature of the Blessed Trinity to the multitude, he held forth a leaf of shamrock. It is likewise said of St. Paul, that he held forth a sprig of trefoil as an emblem, when preaching to the Greeks on the same subject. The grand division of the country made in the reign of Con of the Hundred Battles, was observed in the division of religious authority by St. Patrick; the chief station of the church being given to Leath-Con, by establishing the primacy at Ardmagh. His regulations are observed to this day.—See Lover's Illustrations, O'Halloran, Dr. Keating, Miss Young's Abridgment.

1 St. Mansuatus, an Irishman, the first bishop of Toul, was a disciple of St. Peter. It is said that St. John the Beloved sent his disciples to Ireland, and that St. James the Less preached there.

The patron saint of this green isle,
Who early taught the Christian pile
To rear its sacred roof on high,
And bless the triune Deity—
With hallowed church, and altars clean,
Where daily sacrifice is seen,
—"For, from the rising of the sun,
  Until the going down the same,
Incense unto the Holy One,
  And off'ring pure unto his name,
The Gentile's daily sacrifice,
The Lord of Hosts will not despise."*

With holy zeal, which faith inspires,
He quenched the heathen's idol fires.
  The pagan priests, with loud complaint,
Demand an audience of the saint,
Who comes, obedient to their call,
Before the great assembly-hall,
Kings, chiefs, and princes of the state:

Th' arch-druid meets him at the gate,

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* *See the* Book of the Prophet Malachi, chap. i., v. 11.

And, e'er he can approach the throne,
Attacks him in an angry tone:

"Say, stranger! by what mystic chain
You thus infringe upon our rites,
Insulting with your fires profane
Our temple porch, our glowing lights?
You say there is a God above
Greater than Samien, or than Bel—
Boundless in mercy, as in love.
We know him not. Where does he dwell?"

"He dwells," the saint, in meek reply,
His eyes uplifted to the sky;
"He dwells in all we see around—
In all we *are*; he breathes a soul;
He holds this universal bound;
His power—his might knows no control."

Thus, gentle as the turtle-dove,
And filled with heaven's purest love,

(For Patrick's soul was centred there,)
His yielding heart speaks out in prayer:

"Saviour, and Sovereign Lord of all!
Save this thy people from the fall.
Thy precious blood did all atone
For more than Jewish hearts of stone.
But here's a kindly people, Lord,
Ripened, and ready for the word:
Pour forth upon this Gentile race
Thy mercy, and thy saving grace!"

"We hear thy wondrous words. Speak on!
We like thy speech and bold design.
How may we know this God of thine?
Who call his Godhead Three in One?
Say, how can three in one incline?"

"Behold, e'en here, an emblem meet!—
The shamrock, spread beneath our feet.

Look on its portions—three in one.
E'en so our God and his bless'd Son,
Almighty Essence of pure love—
My God—your God, who reigns above!"

At length, before the throne he bends,
And fervent thus, his faith defends:—

"I plead, oh king! and noble knights,
And learned olhams, to your hearts.
You all admire the starry lights
That range the sky in various parts—
The moon, the glorious sun on high—
Majestic orbs, that grace the sky.
Turn now your gaze on this fair land—
Green Erin, with her hills and dales;
Her thousand streams, her mountains grand;
Woods, fields, and flowers, and fruitful vales.
Say, by what power, and by whose might,
They each exist, and order keep?—
The quick return of day and night,
The earth we range, the watery deep?

Say, who has given the seasons birth?
Who, but the Lord of heaven and earth?
He bade the light—and light was given.
He rules the earth—he rules the heaven?
  Adore him, all ye mighty ones—
Ye lowly among Erin's sons;
Ye druids, seek him, and adore;
Ye olhams, doctors, men of lore;
Ye bards of Erin, sing his praise;
Ye sounding lyres, proclaim his ways;
Hills, mountains, plains, confess the Lord;
  Come forth with prayer and incense meet.
Magi and shepherds thus adored,
  And laid sweet off'rings at his feet."

Our patron works with ardent zeal,
Most fervently for Erin's weal;
His holy call is quickly known,
Felt, and acknowledged from the throne;
His simple life and pious deeds,
Disturb the pagans' gloomy creeds;
But as the sunbeam melts through snows
  That long had hid some fertile soil,

His love and constant zeal for those
  Work through their hearts, as unctious oil
Will work its way. The cross is seen
On causeway and on village green;
Crowning the lofty temple's dome;
Marking the humble peasant's tomb;
In poor man's hut, in rich man's hall;
The cross, a sign of faith to all—
A chosen emblem to abide;
While household gods are set aside.
  The pilgrim, as he journeys on,
Pauses, to make his orison,
By the wayside, on hill, or heath,
Where'er he meets the sign of faith.

Thus is the Blessed Saviour's name
  Adored and cherished through the land.
The fires of Bel, the Samien flame,
  The druid's circle, stone and sand,
Their oracles and omens wild,
Their pagan temples, all defiled,
Give place to ritual sublime,
The humble prayer, the matin chime,

The vesper hymn, the chant of even,
The benediction call'd from heaven.

Laoguire,* his court, his queen—
The worshippers of Bel—are seen
Wending their way to Patrick's feet,
Bending in supplication meet,
Their Saviour's will to seek and know,
And make their new baptismal vow.
So quick the light of faith is known
Throughout the soil; so early sown
The seeds of piety and truth
Among Hibernia's favoured youth;
The land becomes a beacon bright,
Dispensing wide her hallowed light.
  Look round upon this light divine,
Ye vaunting monarchs, that recline,
In heathen indolence, apart,
And let it warm each stubborn heart.

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* Laoguire was monarch of Ireland when St. Patrick commenced his mission. His queen embraced the Christian faith early; the king resisted for some time; but it is supposed he became a *Christian before* his death.

Oh, Babylonian! had thy soul
But learned to brook a self-control,
With half the fervour of our age,
Thou hadst not stained the sacred page;
Thy Maker had not been defied,
Insulted, mocked at by thy pride.
But thou, unwilling, stoodst aloof,
Though in the midst of living proof.
Yes, despot king, did these but see
Thee in thy dark idolatry—
God's servants fetter'd in thy chains—
The miracle on Dura's plains,*
They'd blush for thee, who had such test,
Ere thou thy Sov'reign God confess'd.

Not Babylon, with her high towers,
Her brazen gates, her scented bowers,
Her hanging gardens, fruits, and vines,
Her rare intoxicating wines,
Could ever win that holy smile
Which rests with thee, sweet Emerald Isle!

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* See the third chapter of the Book of Daniel.

Island of Saints, and Land of Song,
Thou sittest high the lands among!

Behold the Virgins of the Sun!*
Scarce had those royal maids begun
Young life, when bound by heathen spell
To feed unholy fires to Bel—
To join unseemly divinations,
And make delusive invocations;
Till frenzy and fanatic fear
Destroy'd warm nature's heartfelt cheer.
Those virgin daughters, eager now
  To hear the saint, approach his cell,
And there transfer their former vow
  Of servitude to pagan Bel,
For one whose sacred bond is love,
Devoted all, to God above—

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* The Virgins of the Sun were always of royal blood. Their chief business was to keep up the sacred fires of Bel and Samien. The feast of Bel, or the sun, was held on the first of May; that of Samien, or the moon, on the first of September. St. Bridget, according to Butler's Lives of the Saints, was a disciple, not of St. Patrick, but of his nephew, St. Mel, from whom she received *the veil.*

A bond of peace, a holy tie,
Which soars to bring the soul on high.

Among the sisterhood profess'd,
Is one fair virgin, much caress'd;
Her harp is tun'd to notes of praise—
She sings of God's mysterious ways;
Her matin prayer, her hymn at even,
Bespeak confiding hope in heaven;
And while her clear, extatic voice
Proclaims the fervour of her choice,
Each swelling chord she still prolongs,
Till echo fills the air with songs.
The sisters take their thrilling parts,
And joyfully attune their hearts,
Striking aloud the sacred lyre,
While hymns of joy their souls inspire.

ST. BRIDGET'S HYMN.

Daughters of Erin! wake! arise!
And send your laudates to the skies!

No more to Samien or to Bel
Our harps profanely do we swell;
But, tuned anew, each silver chord
Shall tell the praises of the Lord.
Then, sisters, take the sacred lyre,
While hymns of praise, our hearts inspire.
Behold a gift at God's right hand;
A blessed light breaks o'er the land.
Jehovah! great Almighty power!
He made us, and he gave us dower—
His only Son. Oh, words of bliss!
Could Samien give a boon like this?
Come, sisters, tune your harps to praise,
And sing of God's mysterious ways!

Thus does young Bridget oft decoy
The moments, in her heartfelt joy;
But when the cross excites her feeling,
Her tears, her sighs, before it kneeling—
Her inmost soul feels every word;
The passion of her suff'ring Lord;
Her dear Redeemer crucified;
His open wounds—his bleeding side;

The cruel, piercing crown of thorns;
The buffets—the insulting scorns;—
For ever to her weeping eyes
The cross renews that sacrifice.

Her singleness of heart and mind—
Her gentle spirit, so refined,
So bright, so passive, and serene,
Might in an angel's form be seen;
For rarely does such grace unfold
In beings of an earthly mould.

A saint—for so the sisters deem,
Selecting her to act supreme—
Whose lowliness of heart, whose prayers,
And pious acts, influence theirs;
For, see! the cell of lone Kill-Dara
Becomes the beacon-light of Tarah!

Our saint, when near his latter days,
Kneeling in prayer, and grateful praise,
That his poor efforts were so bless'd,
His benediction thus express'd:
—"In thy most holy name, O Lord!
I bless these neophytes. The word

Is sown in faith; the seed imparts
Its fragrance to most willing hearts.
  I bless the land on which I toil;
I bless the woods, the lakes, the soil,
The valleys, and the rivers deep;
I bless each hill and mountain steep,
Plain, dell, and grove. 'Tis thy behest
That this fair land should all be bless'd!
  May patience, purity, and truth
Attach the aged and the youth—
Faith, hope, and love, and works of grace;
And, Lord! may thy most holy peace
Be ever with this gifted race;
And in thy name, by thy command,
I drive the reptile from the land!"

The blessing of the saint remains,
Green Erin, o'er thy hills and plains,
Though thou hast felt a dark turmoil
  Through many an age of gloom and blight.
Affliction marks thy sainted soil;
  Yet sorrow cannot quench the light

Which early faith implanted there:
It still burns on, through want and care,
As bright as when the saint had given
The blessing then invoked from heaven!

"Out upon time! who will leave no more
Of the things to come, than the things before.
Out upon time! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past, for the future to grieve
O'er that which has been, and o'er that which may be.
What we have seen, our sons shall see:
Remnants of things that have past away—
Fragments of stone reared by creatures of clay."

LORD BYRON.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

Again, sweet muse! resume thy lay,
While onward o'er the land we range,
Varying our uncertain way
As Fancy in her mood may change.
How grateful is this lonely stroll!
How sweet the wild flowers scatter'd there!
The village bell, with cheerful toll,
Proclaims the day—the sabbath prayer.

E'en nature's self is hushed. How still!
  The song-birds chant among the trees;
The clack has ceased from yonder mill;
  And gentle is the balmy breeze;
Ethereal sweetness hovers near,
  Like incense floating on the air;
Mayhap an angel, passing near,
  Has left the fragrance of her prayer.
There is no breath, no sound, or motion,
  Or aught to check the soul's devotion;
'Tis silence all, and calm repose;
The zephyr sleeps upon the rose.
Hail, holy spirit of the air!
  Before thou tak'st thine upward flight,
Receive an erring wand'rer's pray'r,
  And bear it to the realms of light.

. . . .
. . . .
. . . .
. . . .

My soul's refresh'd, and light my breast—
More buoyant from this grateful rest.

O'er distant hills, we soon descry
Fair scenes, that captivate the eye;
Where Wicklow spreads her wide domains,
And nature all triumphant reigns.
Here Scalp's dismember'd summits frown;
There Dargle spreads her dubious maze;
Or Lugalaw, or peaceful Down;
While each attract my wond'ring gaze.
We now approach the op'ning glade,
And rest beneath the spreading shade
Of beauteous trees, extending there,
Whose foliage sweetly scents the air.
Here nature plays fantastic freaks,
And reigns amid the changeful scene—
Glens, rivers, mountains, woods, and lakes,
While lovely villas intervene.
Now rugged steeps obstruct our view,
Save where the mountain lake appears,
Where once a holy city grew—
The nurse of faith in bygone years.

Great Glendalough !* in days of old
  Thou wert a temple raised to truth,
Whence gospel faith and hope were told
  To strangers, and to Erin's youth.
Thou day-star of our holy isle,
  When Christian purity was young,
Thou'rt now a wasted, mould'ring pile—
  A wilderness—a theme unsung;
An ivied arch, a tott'ring wall,
  Are fragments of thy deep decay;
There's not a stone untouch'd of all
  The hallow'd homes that mark'd thy day.

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* Glendalough, or City of the Lake. In the heart of the County of Wicklow, one of the most romantic in Ireland, is situated the interesting valley of Glendalough. Its secluded and melancholy appearance early marked it as the more peculiar retreat of holiness; and at this day the scattered but venerable remains of the abbeys that repose in its depths, the gloomy scenes of ancient and religious grandeur, strike the eye with inexpressible reverence. There, in the sixth century, St. Kevin, the especial apostle of the valley, studied; there he founded an establishment, of which he was the first abbot. On the third of June, A.D. 619, he departed this life, or, according to the language of the ritual, was born to the blessings of another state, leaving his memory to consecrate every winding of this lovely valley. There, notwithstanding the frequent ravages of fire and sword, shrouded in a forest of ancient oaks, a city of many people, a seminary of saints, once flourished —the light of the western world, the shrine of religion, the goal of many a holy pilgrimage.—S. Lover's Illustrations of Ireland.

And who is he, whose constant zeal
So fervent in his country's weal,
A life of sanctity began
In early youth? A holy man—
The patron saint whose spirit reigns
O'er these deserted hills and plains.
He held his mission from above,
With faith, and hope, and works of love,
And sought his great Creator's will—
His precepts studied to fulfil.
  Our peasant guides, who tend the lake,
Show where his frequent footsteps make
A flinty rock, unconscious, tell
The pathway to his lonely cell.

Saint Kevin, though of high degree,
  Preferr'd a lowly life. He sought
The better part, and lived to see
  The blessed fruits of grace, that brought
So many pious men to share
His labours and his constant care.
Temples and hallow'd cells arose
  Along the mountain's quiet side,

And hospitable homes for those
  Who came their pilgrimage to bide,
And schools, and monasteries where
The stranger met with kindly care.
The City of the Lake was then
The great resort of learned men.

Old Glendalough! thy fame is past;
  Thy sainted children are no more!
These mould'ring ruins, all thou hast—
  The dust of what thou wert before!

Again my wayward steps are bent
On travel, with a full intent
To try the land, in every line
Where cell is found, or sainted shrine,
That I, by deep research, may find
Those sad abuses of the mind
Attributed to monks, whose sway
Held e'en the people's wills at bay.

. . . .
. . . .

Where consecrated pile has been,
Or tott'ring arch may yet be seen,
I've search'd; and such the marks I trace
Of an enlighten'd, free-born race,
That well I know those monkish days
So oft decried in modern lays,
If better known, the truth would prove
Monks were and are, in Christian love,
Such as the gospel law commends,
Kind teachers and consoling friends,
Enlight'ning by their learned toil
The pliant children of the soil;
Their several vocations tend
To help, instruct, support, amend,
And aid, by every means of grace,
Not one, but all the human race!

I've travell'd many a lengthen'd mile
To gaze upon the sacred pile

That lies before me.—Old Lismore !*
Thou sanctu'ry of ancient lore !
Though now thy crumbling stones give way
  Beneath the pilgrim's careful tread,
Still, in the solemn, deep decay
  That droops above thy sainted dead,

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* The site of Lismore was in former times denominated Ma-Saith, or the Chosen Field. St. Declan is said to have anticipated St. Patrick's mission. He preached the gospel, near Lismore, so early as the year 430, with such good fruit as to convert many to the Christian faith. St. Carthagh founded an abbey and school here, about the year 630, which in a short time was much resorted to not only by natives, but also by Britons and Saxons. During the middle ages, one-half of Lismore was consecrated ground, consisting of cells and monasteries, into which no woman was allowed to enter.—See Lover's Illustrations.

O'Halloran states, in his preliminary discourse to the first volume of his history of Ireland, that from the ruin of the Roman Empire, which gave peace to Europe, Ireland appeared more glorious than ever, in establishing the arts and sciences, in piety, sending her missionaries abroad, converting thousands by prayer, exhortations, and example.—(Page 48.) In Ireland, the learned professions were hereditary. Up to Charles the Second's time and even the Revolution, hereditary poets, antiquarians, physicians, and lawyers, were to be found, well skilled in their different professions. Ireland not only produced men of genius who were successively eminent in different parts of Europe, but also endowed seminaries at home, where foreigners were invited to participate gratuitously with native pupils.

I read thy early faith; the fame
Which long had sanctified thy name,
So celebrated for those schools
Established upon gospel rules;
Those maxims that, so haply fraught
With grace, became the Christian's shield;
And thus "the little chosen field"—
Henceforward consecrated ground—
"Put forth its tabernacles," where
Vast congregations, gath'ring round,
Soon fill'd thy hallow'd fanes with pray'r.
Here pious monks went hand-in-hand
In works of grace—a chosen band—
And spread the gospel o'er the land;
The idol deity gave way,
And heaven-born truth assumed her sway;
Those seminaries, so profound
In letters and the arts—renowned
Throughout the world for pious lore—
Soon raised the fame of old Lismore.
Oft too, those monks of early times,
All heedless of severer climes,
Went hence to preach the word of God,
And spread his solemn truths abroad.

These were thy lights in days of old,
When Erin, liberal of her store,
(For she was ever free to share,)
  Dispensed her precious gifts to all,
And spread her hospitable fare
  In convent and bal-beatach hall;
When strangers, from the nations round,
  Flock'd thitherward—old age and youth;
Some to the peaceful cloister bound,
  In penance, or in search of truth,
And some to seek for classic lore,
Have bent their course to Erin's shore.

To this abode of learned peace
The great King Alfred's* steps we trace—

* An anonymous author of a little book styled "The Past and Present State of Ireland," says that "Alfred the Great retired here to study. On his return to England, he invited Johannes Erigna Scotus to his court, and about the same time founded the University of Oxford, or improved upon the school already there, possibly on the model of that of Lismore." Miss Young, in her Abridgment, quoting Dr. Milner, says that "the University of Oxford is greatly, if not chiefly, indebted to Johannes Scotus, an Irishman, for its foundation. Adamnanus, of the race of Conor-Gulban, abbot of Huy, was sent by the princes of Ireland as ambassador

A British prince, of Saxon race,
In letters and the arts profess'd.
  He next attained to learned laws,
For deeply was his mind impress'd
  With noble views in Britain's cause;
Which after years so ably proved,
When Alfred swayed the land he loved.
Religion graced the student's name,
And raised it high in British fame;
Oft, too, within thy hallowed shade
His active mind had well portrayed
Thy classic halls, thy noble schools,
Thy well-sustained and wholesome rules:
A pattern fair, in form and size,
His own Oxonian columns rise.
'Tis said he loved the Green Isle well;
And there are ancient books that tell

---

to Alfred. He published a description of the Holy Land, and dedicated it to Alfred." About the year 585, Alfred, king of the Northumbrians, sailed for Ireland, where he remained exiled for some years, during which period he devoted his time to study, and wrote a poem in the Irish language, in praise of all things he received and saw in this country, and of which there are several *copies extant.*

How warm—how earnestly he sought,
  For his dear land, those marks of grace
  Which bless'd our own enlighten'd race,
And of those learned guides he brought
To Britain in his courtly train.

"Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold land should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace."

MOORE.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

Fair Hope! attendant on my way,
Like seraph bright, thou'st been my stay;
Light of my path, and guiding-star!
While journeying through fields afar,
Hope of my heart! thou'st been with me,
Cheering my humble minstrelsy;
As onward, through the Land of Song,
We sped our wayward course along,
Thou'st felt my heart's warm pulse the while,
It beat to bless the Emerald Isle.

But, me! my lyre is faintly strung,
And all too loose its numbers flung—
Unlike the harp of former days
Whose thrilling tones, in Erin's praise,
Could make the waving forests bound,
And charm the hills and valleys round.

Wake, sweet entrancing sounds! awake
The strains—the poesy—the fire
That used to thrill through dell and brake
Of old, from Erin's tuneful lyre.
Wake, holy strains, the theme of story,
For music is our island's glory;
To her the crested lyre is given—
A gifted privilege to share
That harmony so loved in heaven,
For angels have their music there;
And she has bards and minstrelsy
To keep awake that harmony.

See! happy Moore breathes on the lyre
With inspiration's glowing fire,

And melody resistless dwells
In every chord the poet swells.
  Oh! it is bliss, in sunny hours,
With songs of thine to wreathe our flowers
Round friendships dear, and to enchain
Fond ones and loved ones in our train.

But should the ills of life impart
Their sorrows to the feeling heart,
Thy pensive muse, in plaintive song,
Is found amidst the mourning throng;
The harp records her constant sighs,
And melancholy tones arise,
Till wand'ring spirits pause to hear,
And drop the tributary tear.

Where's the warrior who could steel
His breast, when roused by thee to feel?
Or patriot, who would not stand,
In freedom's cause, by fatherland?
The maiden sings thy sweet strains over,
  Until she makes thy theme her own;

And, oh! how fondly is her lover
  Wrapt in each warm, expressive tone.
Sweetly as echo sounding near,
  Thy melody is caught again,
For childhood—merry childhood!—here
  Takes up anew th' enchanting strain.

I pause awhile: my wand'ring's o'er;
  For now bright streamlets check my way,
And by the gliding Avonmore
  My careless feet may idly stray;
For in this valley's bosom blest
  Content is ever known to dwell.
I'll seek the happy nymph, and rest
  Till sunset wakes the vesper bell.

She sits in yonder peaceful grot,
Where ills of life are soon forgot,
With placid eye, and brow serene,
Bound in a wreath of evergreen.

Zephyrus! I inhale thy breath
  From every hawthorn blossom nigh,
And from each wild flower spread beneath;
  So fragrant is thy gentle sigh.
I'll stretch me on the grassy mead,
  Beneath the shelt'ring wild-rose tree;
The shamrock shall support my head,
  And robin sweetly sing to me.
Avoca!* like a fairy tale,
  Thy sweet enchantments here surround me.
'Tis all a spell. Delightful vale!
  Thy magic charms are flung around me;
For never did my eyes regale
On fairer scenes, or breath inhale
More fragrant odours. Well I knew
All kinds of lovely roses grew
In our green isle; but ne'er before
Saw buds like those on Avonmore.

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* The Vale of Avoca is one of the most delightful spots in the County of Wicklow. The rivers Clyde, Avonmore, and Avoca meet here. This romantic vale is much resorted to by pic-nic parties and the lovers of fine scenery. That sweet melody, "The Meeting of the Waters," by Erin's happy minstrel, leads the imagination captivated into the bosom of this delightful valley.

Oh! I will take luxurious rest,
  And, pondering on the days that were,
Unbend the feelings of my breast,
  And give my thoughts to freer air.
How clear these rippling waters run!
How green the sward! how bright the sun!
Here, too, has been some regal state;
  Ah, yes! these old, dismemberd walls—
This broken arch—this mould'ring gate,
  Once rank'd with Erin's princely halls.
Methinks I see the festive board
  Spread o'er with hospitable fare—
The pilgrim, and the neighb'ring lord,
  With merry guests, assembled there.
Th' enliv'ning pledge is given to all,
And each takes up the friendly call;
Now from the harp's inspiring sound
Harmonic measures wing the round,
And gallant knights essay to sing,
Until the old walls seem to ring,
And love and chivalry are fired,
By song and minstrelsy inspired;
While there, beneath the 'scutcheon seated,
The happy host, with joy elated,

Keeps up the mirth-inspiring strains.

. . . .

'Tis past; and many a wintry day
Has gathered o'er the deep decay:
Convent, alike with castle hall,
Time's with'ring hand has marked them all.

What wondrous scenes this land portrays!
What must have been her glorious days,
When e'en her ruins thus impart
A deep respect that thrills the heart.
What raptures! in that hallowed time
When Benchoir* tuned, at matin prime,
Her numerous choirs, to hymns divine:
Yes! happy Erin, hymns of thine!

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* The monastery of Benchoir, or the White Choir, situated where Bangor now stands (which name is a corruption from Benchoir), was a most noble structure, containing many thousand monks, who assisted in spreading the faith abroad. Bangor, in North Wales, took its rise from a white choir established there, a branch of the Irish monastery. The university of Clonard, next to Benchoir, was the most celebrated in the kingdom. Under St. Finian were no less than three thousand scholars at one time.—*O'Halloran.*

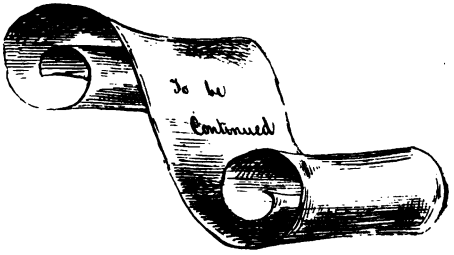
At that bless'd hour, throughout the land
One universal choral band
Was heard, the hills and vales among,
To pour towards heaven their grateful song;
When saints retained each sacred pile
That beautified our Emerald Isle,
And, thronging round her altars free,
Her pious sons, on bended knee,
Were wont to wait, in silent prayer,
The benedictions offered there.

Whatever way our steps may tend,
Still these monastic ruins blend
As though 'twere with the soil, and rise
Continual before our eyes.
The fragments over which we tread
Speak volumes for the sainted dead—
Of our dead fathers' pure devotion.
Oh! who can see without emotion
Those monuments of pious care—
Those relics of the days that were!
Yet faith remains, and all as bright
Religion sheds her holy light;

Amid the wreck of ages gone,
She lives, and will for aye live on,
Soaring above forgotten things,
Communing with the King of kings!

What must have been the wond'ring gaze,
When precedence, in early days,
And lofty grandeur, well might claim
That homage to old Scotia's name
Which was her meed, ere foreign sway
Took both her name and wealth away.

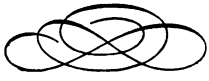
Lo! that's the mellow ev'ning chime,
While I sit pond'ring over time.
Adieu, sweet vale! delightful rest!
Long, long within my grateful breast—
While pulse may beat, or words can tell,
This dear, enchanting scene shall dwell.
Avoca! we will think of thee
While hope sits light our hearts among;
Fond fancy will return to thee,
And memory name thee in her song.


To be
Continued

Farewell! dear land of happy themes!
Green Erin, of the thousand streams!
Though unadorn'd my simple lay—
Though wild flowers only mark my way,
Those wild flowers in thy path are strewn;
The minstrelsy is all thine own;
For ne'er did breast more warmly glow
In thy dear cause, or numbers flow
More true to thee. Would that the lyre
Could breathe my love in glowing fire!
But, no! The strain is weak, the words;
And all too loose the feeble chords.

Ah! now the solemn peal I hear;
The vesper chant salutes mine ear.

Good angel! guide me—lead me on,
  Or I shall lose the evening prayer.
An erring child, I stand alone:
  Oh! take me—take me to thy care!



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REVISION OF THE SECOND EDITION.

Page 2, line 18—Read "ærial," instead of "æriel."
Page 31, line 12—Read "Thou might'st e'en now have graced our days," instead of "Thou mightest yet," &c.
Page 33, line 1—Read "Oh! thou who could'st a crown resign," instead of "Oh! thou who couldest crowns resign."
Page 49, line 13 of the note—Read "the principal druid," instead of "a principal druid."
Page 58, line 10—Read "and o'er," instead of "above."
Page 63, line 1—Read "What can we trace," instead of "Who now may trace."
Page 79, line 23—Read "Refresh'd my soul," instead of "My soul's refresh'd," &c.
Page 87, line 1—Read "yore," instead of "old."
Page 88, lines 1 and 2—Place the full stop after "race," instead of "profess'd."
Page 90, line 3 of the quotation—Read "world," instead of "land."
Page 93, line 2—Read "rapt," instead of "wrapt."
Page 95, line 2—Read "pond'ring," instead of "pondering."
Page 96, line 1—Read "strain," instead of "strains."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE EMERALD ISLE.—It is so seldom that we meet with a volume of poetry to our taste, that we hail this neat accession to our library table with pleasure. The friends of the "Green Isle" will patronize the work for the light poetic glances of the early history of that country which it presents, and will be glad that it is to be continued in a future volume; the lovers of poetry itself will prize it for the spirit and grace of its execution. To young persons connected with the sister kingdom the book will form a handsome, acceptable, and useful present. "It is got up" in a very pleasing style, and wears an appearance worthy of its object.—*Liverpool Mercury*, February 6.

MISS KINSLEY'S EMERALD ISLE.—"The design of this little work," says the fair poetess, "is to convey, in a simple form, an outline of Irish history from the earliest period." And the manner in which she has executed her task may be inferred from the lines beginning, "Thus wandering on from maze to maze," in which she has happily rendered rugged names harmonious. We may say, in general, of modern poetry what Dr. Johnson said of the choruses in Shakspere, "a little may be praised and much must be forgiven;" and it is no small merit in Miss Kinsley that her first effort challenges competition with what most of her contemporaries have produced, and her merit is not the less because a fervid love of country and a pure piety pervade her little poem. The book is got up in a way to reflect great credit on the Liverpool press.—*Liverpool Journal*, February 14.